

# WHO'S GUILTY?

## MRS. WILSON

### AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER BUTTERFLY," "SALLY SALT," "THE BLACK PEARL," ETC.

#### NOVELIZED FROM THE SERIES OF PHOTOPLAYS OF THE SAME NAME RELEASED BY PATHE EXCHANGE.

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FIFTH STORY.

## FIRST DAY.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

LEILA AUSTIN, the pretty daughter of a wealthy father.  
MRS. AUSTIN, her worldly mother.  
TOM CARTER, a poor but able mining engineer.  
HAILEY BRENT, a not over-scrupulous young millionaire.  
NELLIE COLLINS, a gossip chum of Leila Austin.

Leila Austin, during her 22 sheltered years as a well-to-do man's only daughter, had never known an ungratified wish. "Poverty" and "struggle" were mere words to her—words that carried no real meaning.

Perhaps that was why she refused Hailey Brent and accepted Tom Carter. Brent was rich and was growing richer by day. Carter was a mining engineer, boundlessly rich in energy and hope—and all but bankrupt in everything else.

Mrs. Austin spent long and profitless hours in pointing out to Leila the advantages of marrying Brent and the hardships she must face as the wife of a man who still had his way to make.

Leila's wedding gift to Leila was a check for \$10,000, more money than Tom Carter had saved in all his hard-working life. She indorsed it over to her husband and with it, Tom bought the controlling interest in an Oregon gold mine.

This investment was not as rash as Leila's parents and Brent thought. The mine was one which Tom himself had helped to develop and in which he had boundless faith. The gold mine was a moment when the original promoters were hard pressed for money.

"It's a gamble, dear," he told Leila. "But then, so is everything in life. I know the region and know the mine. There's a lot of pay ore under those gray rocks and it's only a question of time when someone will strike it. I'm going out there and be my own superintendent and manager combined. With the money I've laid by from my salary I can keep the pay roll going. Any day we may strike the right vein. And when we do, well, little sweetheart, easy street will look like a slum compared with our quarters."

Leila's eyes danced. Already she was beginning to build air castles as the wife of a multi-millionaire mine owner. The naming of the mine in her honor seemed the most delicious compliment ever paid her. Tom saw the glow in her pretty face and he went on more soberly.

"It's only fair to tell you that it'll be hard sledding for a while, dear. Life out there in the wilderness is 'in the rough.' I'll have to work early and late and live in a two-room cabin, with no bacon and beans and soured bread. If you come out there with me, that must be your life, too. We won't be able to keep a servant—except if we could get one in such a place. You'll have to do all your own work, and—"

"It will be just like one long picnic!" she declared. "I'll love it."

"It will be one long period of grinding, lonely drudgery," he corrected. "With only one day for each other to brighten it. Think carefully before you decide. Wouldn't it be better for you to stay here, comfortably, and let me send for you when I've made my strike? I'll have a day or two to pay you a flying visit. I'm sending my love by them."

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